

P O E M S,
M O R A L,
ELEGANT AND PATHETIC:

VIZ.

ESSAY ON MAN, BY POPE;		AN ELEGY IN A COUNTRY
THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE,		CHURCHYARD, BY GRAY;
BY JERNINGHAM;		THE HERMIT OF WARK-
THE GRAVE, BY BLAIR;		WORTH, BY PERCY;

AND
ORIGINAL SONNETS,
BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

LONDON:

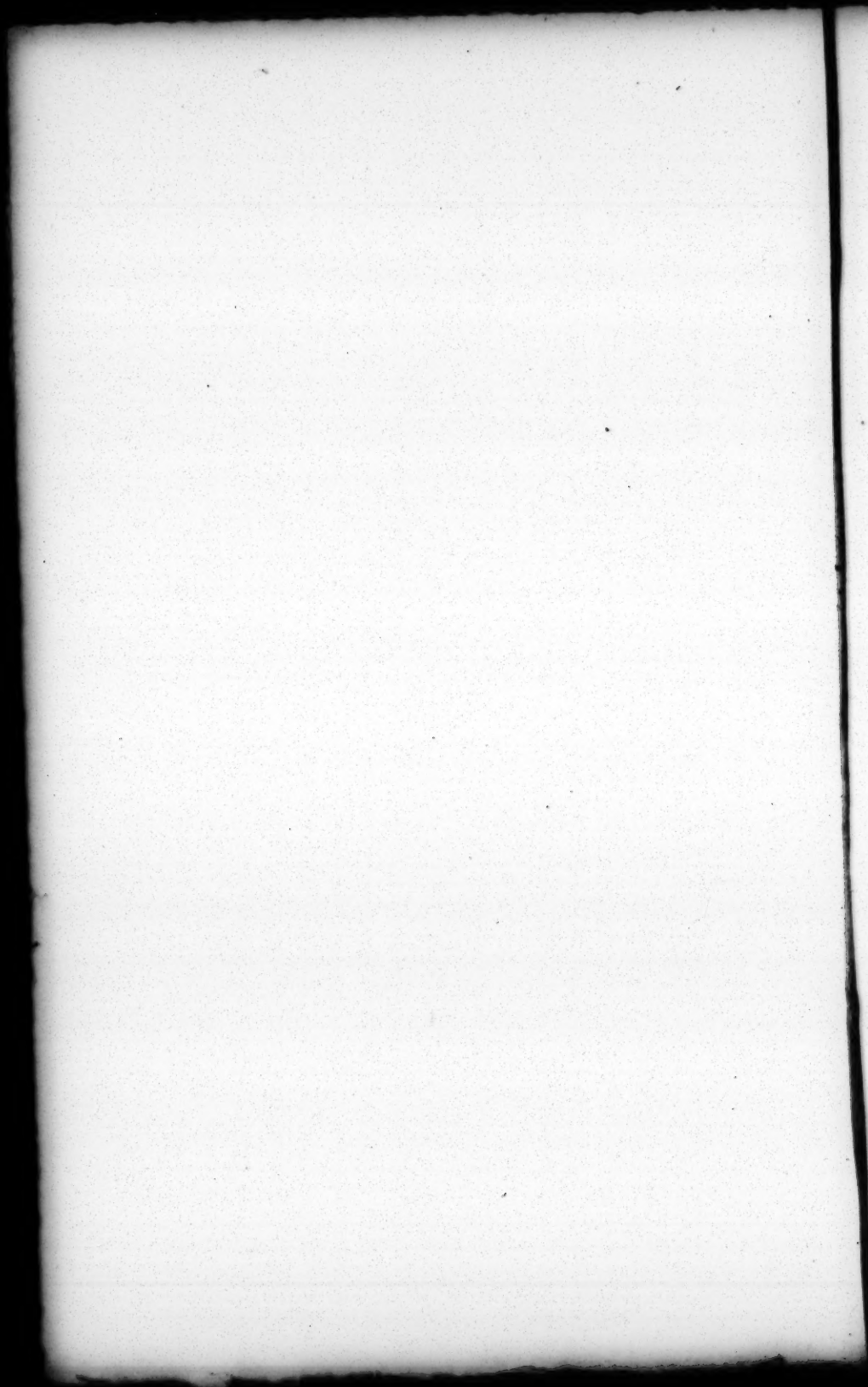
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ESSAY ON MAN.



ESSAY ON MAN.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous
shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;

The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or fightless soar ;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know :
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer ?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples every star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst
thou find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ?

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess

That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be,

And all that rises, rise in due degree ;

Then in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
In God's, one fingle can its end produce ;
Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why Man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god :
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;

Why doing, suffer'ing, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought :
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there ;
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book
of fate,

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
know :

Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble bursts, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never Is, but always To be blest :
The soul, uneasy and confin'd, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler heav'n,



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*Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;*

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Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go wiser thou; and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much ;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, Men rebel :
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " 'Tis for
mine :

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;
" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
" My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,

✓

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests
sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ;

" No, ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause

" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;

" Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began :

" And what created perfect ?"—Why then man ?

If the great end be human happiness,

Then nature deviates ; and can man do less ?

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires ;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise,

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ?

Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning
forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms ;

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,

Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things :
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit. ✓

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
That never air or ocean felt the wind ;
That never passion discompos'd the mind,
But ALL subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man ! Now upward will
he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more ?
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use, all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'r's of all ?

Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course ;
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own ;
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ;
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all ?

The bliss of Man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ?

Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill ?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies ?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends :
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :
Of smell, the headlong lions between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood ?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew ?
How instinct varies in the growling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier ?
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !
Remembrance and reflexion, how ally'd ;
What thin partition sense from thought divide ?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one !

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this
earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !

Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
Nature ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing —On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours :
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken; the great scale's destroy'd :
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky ;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.

All this dread ORDER break—for whom ? for thee !
Vile worm !—oh madness ! pride ! impiety !

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same ;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart ;

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good :
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

EPISTLE II.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he think too little, or too much ;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where Science
guides,

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun :
Go, soar with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule——
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end ?
Alas, what wonder ! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art :
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide ;
First strip off all her equipage of pride ;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness ;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts ;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come !

II. Two principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain ;

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all :
And to their proper operation fill,
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end :
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires ;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires ;
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong;
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong, or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:

But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast:
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale.
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd in his work unite:
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?

Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise :
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike ;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame ;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength :

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came ;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse :
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions from the strong
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd :
Reason is here no guide but still a guard ;
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends :
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense ;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,

The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle :
'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;

Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd :
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe ;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ?
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen :
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the north ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he ;
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
What happier nature shrinks at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree :

The rogue and fool, by fits, is fair and wise ;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still ;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
But HEAV'N's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice ;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice ;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd ;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
'Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests, to resign ;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend ;

See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', not quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days :
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ,
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure other wants by thine.

See! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet, GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world, behold the chain of love,
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again;
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of Man, and Man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone!
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings,
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings?

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat,
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note ?
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that sows the plain ?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care :
'The fur that warms the monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
" See Man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose :
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'ful fill the weak controul :
Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole :
Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes,

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury;
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest;
 Which fees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
 To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:

To Man imparts it ; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle ! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best ;
To blifs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'erhoot, but just to hit ;
While still too wide or short is human wit ;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.

This too serves always, reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
 One in their nature, which are two in ours!
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets it proper bounds:
 But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness:

So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves a third time in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
'There stops the instinct, and there ends the care:
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:

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Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love ;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn :
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those :
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began ;
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age,
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
 trod ;

The state of nature was the reign of God :
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man.

Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage Man.
See him from nature rising flow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part;

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—

“ Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :

“ Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;

“ Learn from the beasts the phyfic of the field ;

“ Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;

“ Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;

“ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,

“ Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

“ Here too all forms of social union find,

“ And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind :

“ Here subterranean works and cities see :

“ There towns aërial on the waving tree.

“ Learn each small people's genius, policies,

“ The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;

“ How those in common all their wealth bestow,

“ And anarchy without confusion know ;

“ And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,

“ Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.

“ Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,

“ Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.

" In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
" Entangle justice in her net of law ;
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
" Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
" Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
" Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
" And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke ; observant Men obey'd ;
Cities were built, societies were made :
Here rose one little state ; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd ; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one :

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patri-
arch fate

King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him their second providence they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
'Till, drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
One great first Father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;

The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one :
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure, trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ;
For nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God ; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law :
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made :

She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's found,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more !
Altars grew marble then, and reck'd with gore :
Then first the Flamen tasted living food ;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;

The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never fought but one :
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
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Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more !
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
Then first the Flamen tasted living food ;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;

With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust :
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws,
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprize, a stronger take ?
His safety must his liberty restrain :
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learnt justice and benevolence :
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral, Nature gave before ;

Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings ;
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings ;
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too ;
Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the word's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things ;
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best ;

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !
 Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed ; if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ;
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain our
 toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? The learn'd are blind ;
This bid to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain ;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness ?
Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave ;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;"
 And makes what happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd ;
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
 Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law ; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, thocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness ;

But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend :
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest ?
If then to all Men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?

Heav'n fill with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.

But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.

The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?

Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:

And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just !
See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust !
See SIDNEY bleed amid the martial strife !
Was this their virtue or contempt of life ?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY ! sunk thee to the grave ?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the fire ?
Why drew Marfeilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death ;
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me ?
What makes all physical or moral ill ?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,

Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall ;
Short and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws ?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall ?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have ?
A kingdom of the just then let it be :
But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care ;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell ;
Another deems him instrument of hell :
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar, but for Titus too :
And which more blest ? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue figh'd to lose a day ?
“ But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.”
What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ?
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent ;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ?

“ No—shall the good want health, the good want
pow'r ? ”

Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
“ Why bounded pow'r ? why private ? why no king ?
“ Nay, why external for internal giv'n ?
“ Why is not man a God, and earth a Heav'n ? ”
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give :
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand ;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand ?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize : a better would you fix,
Then give humility a coach and fix,
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet fight'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content of pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise,
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with fringes,
 That thou may'it be by kings, or whores of kings;
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your father's worth, if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go; if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on greatness ; say where greatness lies,
" Where but among the heroes and the wise ?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind.
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise ;
All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes ;
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great :
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's fame ? a fancy'd life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown.
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest Man's the noble work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave ;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid flarers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wife ?
'Tis but to know how little can be known :
To see all others' faults and feel our own :
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions ; see to what they 'mount :
How much of other each is sure to cost ;
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;

How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease :
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
To fight for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
Or ravish'd with the whiffling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete !
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray !
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose.

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, funk the man.
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or funk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

“Virtue alone is happiness below.”

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes that good without the fall to ill;

(Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain :
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd ;
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
Never dejected, while another's blest'd :
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

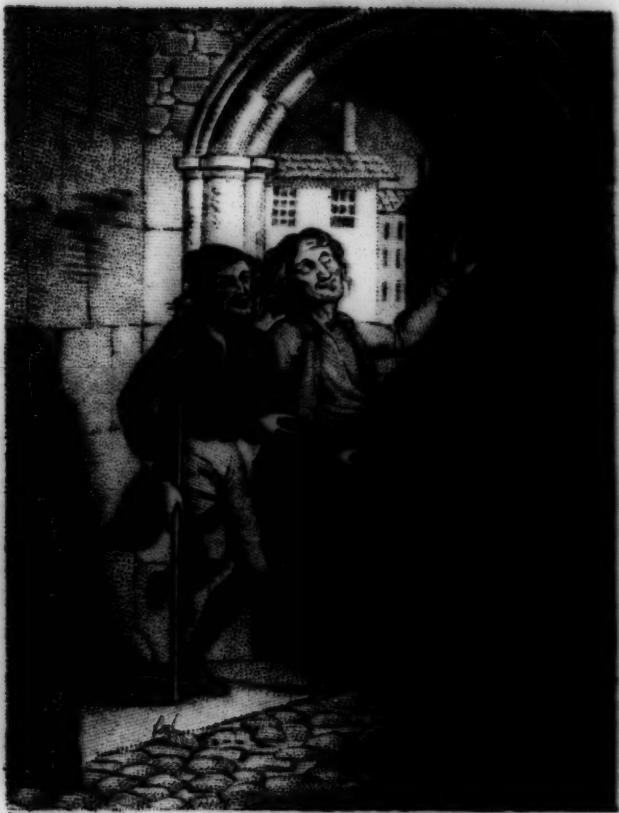
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but think can know :
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God ;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens fill, and opens on his soul ;
Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wife is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence :
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts : but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race :
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Comethen, my friend! my genius! come along!
Oh master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;

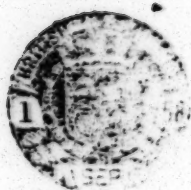


Designed & Engraved by H. Richter.

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing.

Epistle 2 L. 267.

Published May 1 1796, by Verner & Hood.



For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is OURSELVES TO KNOW.



THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Prefume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
Oh lead me wherefo'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'ft if beft bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all being raise !
All nature's incense rise !



THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

O D E.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?



THE FUNERAL OF ARABERT,

MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ARABERT, a young ecclesiastic, retired to the convent of *La Trappe*, in obedience to a vow he had taken during a fit of illness : **LEONORA**, with whom he had lived in the strictest intimacy, followed her lover, and by the means of a disguise obtained admission into the monastery, where a few days after she assisted at her lover's Funeral.

THE FUNERAL.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

FAIR LEONORA, by affliction led,
Sought the dread dome where sleep the hallow'd
dead.

The solemn edifice was wrapt around
In midnight darkness, and in peace profound :
A solitary lamp, with languid light,
Serv'd not to chase, but to disclose the night ;
Serv'd to disclose (the source of all her pains)
The tomb that gap'd for ARABERT'S remains.
To this she sent the deep, the frequent sigh,
And spoke—the warm tear rushing from her eye.

‘ Doom’d to receive all that my soul holds dear,
‘ Give him that rest his heart refus’d him here :
‘ Oh screen him from the pain the tender know,
‘ The train of sorrows that from passion flow !
‘ And to his happier envied state adjoin
‘ (Or all is vain) an ignorance of mine.’

As thus she mourn’d, an aged priest drew near,
(Whose pure life glided as the riv’let clear)
The virtuous ANSELM.—Tho’ in cloisters bred,
Still bright-ey’d Wisdom to his cell he led :
From paths of sophistry he lov’d to stray,
To tread the walk where Nature led the way.
The Prior’s rank he long had held approv’d,
Esteem’d, rever’d, and as a parent lov’d :
Unskilful in the jargon of the schools,
He knew humanity’s diviner rules :
To others gentle, to himself severe,
On sorrow’s wound he dropt the healing tear.
In all the negligence of grief he found
The fair extended on the naked ground.

- Touch'd at her woe the sacred father said,
• Well may'st thou droop if happiness be fled :
• Sure, if at holy ARABERT's decease
• Impetuous sorrows rush upon thy peace,
• Some much lov'd friend in him you must deplore,
• Or, dearer still, a brother is no more :
• Yet, as through life our weary steps we bend,
• Let us not sink when beating storms descend :
• Still let Religion hold unrivall'd sway,
• And Patience walk companion of our way.
• Ah, lose not sight of that delightful shore,
• Whose blissful bowers shall friends to friends
 restore !
• Tho' here misfortune comes to blast our will,
• The Heav'ns are just, and God a Father still.'
 • Blest be the voice,' the rising mourner said,
• That bids affliction raise her drooping head :
• That bids me hope (beyond ev'n Death's domain)
• These eyes shall banquet on my love again.

‘ Ah, start not, ANSELM—for to truth ally’d,
‘ Impiety now throws her mask aside :
‘ No holy monk, by contemplation led,
‘ To these sequester’d mansions of the dead ;
‘ No youth, devoted to religion’s pow’r,
‘ Implores thy pity at this awful hour.—
‘ The guilty secret—I’ll at length unfold—
‘ In me—(forgive) a woman you behold.
‘ Ah fly me not, let mercy now prevail,
‘ And deign to mark my sad disastrous tale.
‘ Known to misfortune from my tender years,
‘ My parents’ ashes drank my early tears :
‘ A barb’rous uncle, to each vice ally’d,
‘ The office of a parent ill supplied :
‘ Of my entire inheritance possess’d,
‘ By lucre prompted, and by fortune blest,
‘ He pass’d the ocean never to return,
‘ And left me weeping o’er my parents’ urn :
‘ Then ARABERT, the gen’rous stranger, came
‘ To soothe my sorrows, and relieve my shame

‘ Beneath his tender care my woes decreas’d,
‘ More than religion’s, he was pity’s priest :
‘ To reach his bounty my affection strove,
‘ Till gratitude was heighten’d into love :
‘ Nor he at length refus’d the lover’s part,
‘ The pity that adorn’d, betray’d his heart.
‘ How ardently he wish’d the nuptial rite,
‘ In holy wedlock, might our hands unite :
‘ But stern Religion at our vows exclaim’d,
‘ And tore the bands that Love and Nature fram’d :
‘ For then, devoted to her hallow’d shrine,
‘ His country’s laws forbade him to be mine.
‘ Tho’ from my mind each flatt’ring thought retir’d
‘ And in my bosom hope and peace expir’d ;
‘ Yet on their ruins, love triumphant rose :
‘ Enough—shame o’er the rest a mantle throws.
‘ At length remorse effac’d the guilty scene,
‘ And to his breast apply’d her dagger keen ;
‘ Restrain’d in full career the erring youth,
‘ And led him back to innocence and truth.

‘ Twas then he fled from pleasure’s rosy bow’rs,
‘ To woo religion in these gloomy tow’rs :
‘ Yet ere he fled my bliss he fondly plann’d,
‘ And scatter’d riches with a lavish hand.
‘ Ah, what to me avail’d the golden store ?
‘ The giver gone, the gift could charm no more.
‘ While in the gloom his tedious absence cast,
‘ My former life in fancy I repass’d,
‘ Repentance gain’d admission to my breast,
‘ Nor did it enter an unwelcome guest :
‘ For ne’er to pleasure I dismiss’d the rein
‘ Free and unconscious of reflection’s pain ;
‘ If hapless LEONORA lov’d too well,
‘ Content, fair Virtue’s friend, with Virtue fell :
‘ But not my stubborn soul could pray’r subdue,
‘ Ev’n grafted on remorse my passion grew ;
‘ Too fatal passion—by its impulse led,
‘ In man’s attire to this retreat I fled :
‘ Yet then, ev’n then to bashful fear allied,
‘ Still o’er my love did modesty preside.

‘ In those sweet moments that precede the night,
‘ When peaceful nature wears a soften’d light,
‘ I met the youth within the solemn grove,
‘ (His frequent walk) absorb’d in heav’nly love :
‘ By warm occasion eagerly impell’d,
‘ A sudden fear my ready steps withheld :
‘ While God and he employ the trembling scene,
‘ ’Twere sacrilege, I cried, to rush between :
‘ Still from that hour my wishes I restrain’d,
‘ And in my breast th’ unwilling secret chain’d,
‘ Unknown to him, yet half-content I grew,
‘ So that his form might daily charm my view.
‘ But new affliction, with relentless hand,
‘ O’erthrew the project that my heart had plann’d :
‘ Amid the horrors of the lonesome night,
‘ A ghastly spectre rush’d upon my sight,
‘ And pour’d these accents on my trembling ear,
‘ *Think not impiety shall triumph here :*
‘ *Thy hopes are blasted—Death’s tremendous bell*
‘ *Shall sound, ere many hours, thy lover’s knell.*

‘ I started from my couch, with fright impress’d,
‘ Flew to the fane to calm my anxious breast;
‘ By love then prompted—yet by love dismay’d,
‘ The peopled choir I tremblingly survey’d;
‘ Still mid th’ innumerable monastic train
‘ These eyes solicited his form in vain.
‘ Nor in the field or pensive grove retir’d
‘ Could I discover whom my heart requir’d:
‘ Then sure (I cried) at this unhappy hour
‘ Does anguish o’er its cell diffuse its pow’r:
‘ Shall LEONORA not relieve his pain,
‘ And with these arms his drooping head sustain?
‘ Say, at the couch, when death is stalking round,
‘ Shall not the spouse of his fond heart be found!
‘ Ah no—th’ affection that subdues me still,
‘ At that dread moment check’d my ardent will,
‘ Left rushing on his sight I should controul
‘ The holy thoughts that hover’d o’er his soul.
‘ This low’ring morn disclos’d the fatal truth:
‘ Oh early lost—oh lov’d—oh hapless youth—

- ' Fix'd to the column of the hallow'd porch—
- ' 'Twas scarcely light—some Fury lent her torch—
- ' I read—

*The pious ARABERT's no more,
The peace the dead require, for him implore.*

- ' Let peace, let joy (I said), his spirit join,
- ' Nor joy, nor peace, must e'er encircle mine.
- ' Lamented youth ! too tenderly allied,
- ' In vain you fled me, and in vain you died ;
- ' Still to your image, which this breast inurns,
- ' My constant heart a lamp perpetual burns.
- ' But thou, to whom as friend he did impart
- ' Each latent wish, and foible of the heart ;
- ' For well I know, where sorrow drops a tear,
- ' Or misery complains, thou still art near ;
- ' Ah say, by love did my known image drest
- ' Come to his mind thus welcome, thus carest ?
- ' Or on his soul come rushing undesir'd,
- ' The fatal fair, by female arts inspir'd,

‘ Who dimm’d the lustre of his radiant name,
‘ And from his temples tore the flow’r of fame :
‘ Who thro’ the labyrinth of Pleasure’s bow’r
‘ Allur’d (for beauty such as mine had pow’r)
‘ Ev’n to the dang’rous sleep—and cast him down
‘ From high repute to grov’ling disrenew.
‘ Wretch that I am, to my distressful state
‘ There wanted not th’ addition of his hate :
‘ For him I plung’d my artless youth in shame,
‘ Unlock’d reserve, and sacrific’d my fame.
‘ Still, still I fear (unable to confide),
‘ Before my ARABERT, the lover died :
‘ This thought (to thee I’ll own) suspends my grief,
‘ While cold indifference comes to my relief.
‘ Say, virtuous ANSELM, if this thought be vain,
‘ And give, oh give me all my grief again!
 To her replied the pity-breathing fear,
‘ Mark well my words, and lose thy idle fear :
‘ When on the couch of death the victim lay,
‘ Not in that moment was his friend away.

‘ As at his side I took my mournful stand,
‘ With feeble grasp he seiz’d my offer’d hand,
‘ And thus began :—“ The fatal dart is sped,
‘ Soon, soon shall ARABERT increase the dead.
‘ ’Tis well—for what can added life bestow,
‘ But days returning still with added woe.
‘ Say, have I not secluded from my sight
‘ The lovely object of my past delight ?
‘ Ah, had I too dethron’d her from my mind,
‘ When here the holy brotherhood I join’d,
‘ Remorse would not, increasing my disease,
‘ Prey on my soul, and rob it of its ease :
‘ And yet I strove, unequal to the part,
‘ Weak to perform the sacrifice of heart ;
‘ And now, ev’n now, too feeble to controul,
‘ I feel her clinging to my parting soul.”
‘ He spoke—(my sympathetic bosom bled)
‘ And to the realms of death his spirit fled.’
The fair rejoin’d : ‘ Misled by foul distrust,
‘ To him, whose heart was mine, am I unjust ?

‘ Ah, ARABERT, th’ unwilling fault forgive,
‘ Dead to th’ alluring world, in thee I live :
‘ My thoughts, my deep regret, my sorrows own,
‘ No view, no object still, but thee alone :
‘ At all the vengeance bursting from above,
‘ Alarm’d, I weep, I shudder, yet I love.’

As thus she spoke, the death-bell smote her ear,
While to the porch the fun’ral train drew near. ‘
Ah, LEONORE, in that tremendous hour,
Didst thou not feel all Heav’n’s avenging pow’r,
When, moving thro’ the aisle, the choral band,
And vested priests, with torches in their hand,
Gave to thy view, unfortunately dear,
Thy lover sleeping on th’ untimely bier ?

Collecting now at length her scatter’d force,
With trembling footsteps she approach’d the corse;
And while she check’d the conflict in her breast,
The wide encircling throng she thus address’d :
‘ Well may ye mark me with astonish’d eyes,
‘ Audacious hypocrite in man’s disguise ;

‘ Who, urg’d by passion, dar’d with steps profane
‘ Approach the hallow’d doom of virtue’s train.
‘ Lead me, ah lead me, to the dungeon’s gloom,
‘ The rack prepare—I yield me to your doom :
‘ Yet still should pity in your breast abide,
‘ And pity sure to virtue is allied,
‘ To my distress benign attention lend,
‘ Your acts of rigour for a while suspend,
‘ Till o’er this bier (’tis nature’s kind relief)
‘ I’ve pour’d my plaints, and paid the rites of grief.
‘ Ah, he was dearer to this bleeding heart,
‘ Far dearer than expression can impart.
‘ Thou who didst place us in this vale of tears,
‘ Where sorrow blasts the plant that pleasure rears :
‘ If, as the tenets of our creed require,
‘ Thy waken’d justice breathe immortal ire ;
‘ If love, from whence ev’n here misfortunes flow,
‘ Beyond the grave you curse with endless woe ;
‘ Ah not on ARABERT thy vengeance pour !
‘ On me, on me thy storm of anger show’r !

‘ For I allur’d him far from virtue’s way,
‘ And led his youthful innocence astray :
‘ Ah, not in punishment our fate conjoin ;
‘ He shar’d the rapture, but the guilt was mine.’

With trembling hand she now the veil withdrew,
When lo the well-known features struck her view.
Absorpt in grief she cast a fond survey——
At length her thoughts in murmurs broke away :
‘ That eye—which shed on mine voluptuous light,
‘ Alas, how sunk in everlasting night !
‘ See from those lips the living colour fled,
‘ Where love resided, and where pleasure fed !
‘ And where bright eloquence had pour’d her store
‘ Dumb horror sits—and wisdom is no more.
‘ Yet ere the worm (since this is doom’d its prey),
‘ Shall steal the ling’ring likeness quite away,
‘ On that cold lip sure LEONORE may dwell,
‘ And, free from guilt, imprint the long farewell.’
She added not—but, bending low her head,
Three times the mourner kiss’d th’ unconscious dead.

Now holy ANSELM urg'd her to restrain
Her boundless grief, in rev'rence of the fane.
She answer'd, starting from the sable bier,
' Can I forget that ARABERT was dear !
' Can I, cold monitor, from hence remove,
' His worth unrivall'd, and his lasting love !
' Can I forget, as destitute I lay,
' To sickness, grief, and penury, a prey,
' How eagerly he flew at pity's call,
' Put forth his hand, and rais'd me from my fall !
' All unsolicited he gave me wealth,
' He gave me solace, and he gave me health ;
' And, dearer than the bliss those gifts impart,
' He strain'd me to his breast, and gave his heart.
' And shall these hallow'd walls and awful fane
' Reproach the voice that pours the praiseful strain ?
' Say, at the friend's, the guardian's, lover's tomb,
' Can sorrow sleep, and gratitude be dumb ?
' But I submit—and bend thus meekly low,
' To kiss th' avenging hand that dealt the blow :

' Resign'd I quit the losing path I trod,
' Fall'n is my idol—and I worship God.'
She ceas'd—the choir intones the fun'ral song,
Which holy echoes plaintively prolong ;
And now the solemn organ, tun'd to woe,
Pour'd the clear notes pathetically flow.
These rites perform'd—along th' extending fane
She now attends the slow proceeding train ;
Who o'er the mournful cypress-shaded way,
To the expecting tomb, the dead convey.
See now the priests the closing act prepare,
And to the darksome vault commit their care.
At this dread scene, too feelingly distress'd,
She pour'd the last effusions of her breast :
' Come, guardian seraph, from thy throne above,
' And watch the tomb of my departed love.'
She paus'd—then (o'er the yawning tomb reclin'd)
In all the tenderness of grief rejoin'd :
' Oh beauty's flow'r—oh pleasure ever new—
' Oh friendship, love, and constancy, adieu !

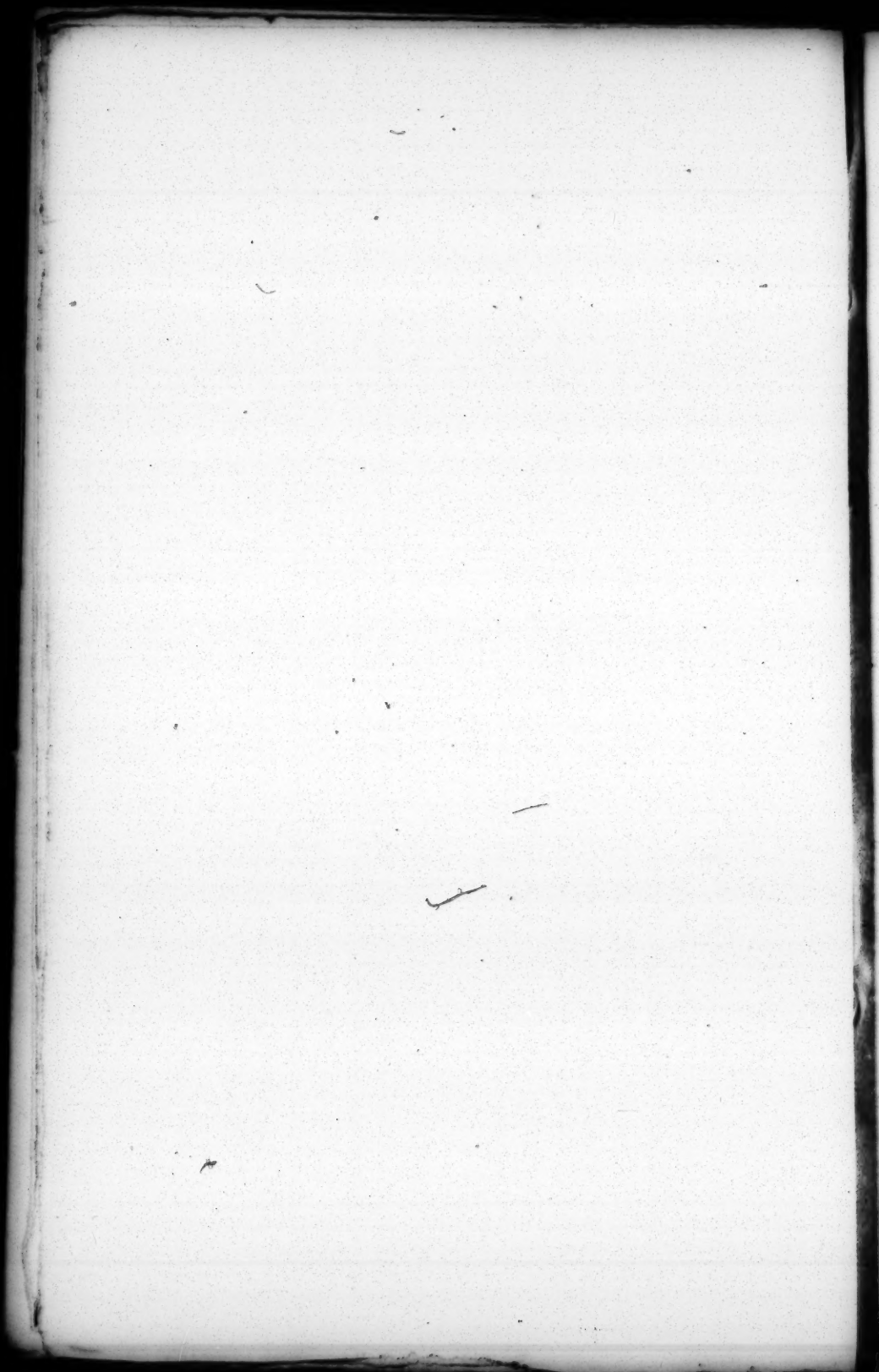
- ‘ Ye virtues that adorn’d th’ unhappy youth,
 ‘ Affection, pity, confidence, and truth,
 ‘ The gen’rous thoughts that with the feeling dwell,
 ‘ And sympathy of heart—farewell, farewell !
 ‘ Not all of ARABERT this tomb contains,
 ‘ All is not here while LEONORE remains.
 ‘ Methinks a voice ev’n animates the clay,
 ‘ And in low accents summons me away :
 ‘ *Haste, LEONORE—thy other self away.*
 ‘ *And let thy glowing ashes in a ~~warmer~~ ~~grave~~*
 ‘ Ah, trust me, ARABERT ! to share thy doom,
 ‘ Prepar’d, resolv’d, I’ll meet thee in the tomb.
 ‘ Forbear, oh Heav’n, in pity to these tears,
 ‘ To curse my sorrow with a length of years.
 ‘ And when this drooping form shall press the bier,
 ‘ Say, virtuous ANSELM, wilt thou not be near ?
 ‘ The friendly requiem for my soul to crave,
 ‘ And lay these limbs in this lamented grave ?
 ‘ Then, when this tortur’d heart shall cease to burn,
 ‘ Our blended dust shall warm the faithful urn :

‘ Nor distant far is that releasing hour,
‘ For Nature, now oppress’d beyond her pow’r,
‘ Resigns at length my troubled soul to rest,
‘ And grief’s last anguish rushes thro’ my breast.’

Behold her now extended on the ground,
And see the sacred brethren kneeling round :
Them she addresses in a fault’ring tone,
‘ Say, cannot death my daring crime atone ?
‘ Ah, let compassion now your hearts inspire,
‘ Amid your pray’rs, I unalarm’d expire.
‘ Thou who art ev’n in this dread moment dear,
‘ Oh, shade of ARABERT, still hover near.
‘ I come.’—

—And now emerging from her woes
(‘Twas love’s last effort) from the earth she rose ;
And, strange to tell, with strong affection fraught,
She headlong plung’d into the gloomy vault :
And there, what her impassion’d wish requir’d,
On the lov’d breast of ARABERT expir’d.

THE GRAVE.



THE GRAVE.

BY ROBERT BLAIR.

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some seek the city some the hermitage ;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying thro' life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb* ;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King ! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of death and hell. The Grave, dread thing !
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd : Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah ! how dark

Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes !
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant fun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd its beams
Athwart the gloom profound ! The sickly taper,
By glimmering thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damp, and ropy slime,)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.

Well do I know thee, by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms :
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane ! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious, or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were :

There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dread !
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud ! the gloomy aisles,
Black plaister'd, and hung round with shreds of
 'scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their
 slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately fullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech owl shrieks ! ungracious sound !
I'll hear no more—it makes my blood run chill !

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds : some rift half down
Their branchless trunks ; others so thin at top,

That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things the neighbours say have happen'd
here :

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about,
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chec'ring thro' the trees,
The school boy, with his fatchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below :
Sudden he starts, and hears—or thinks he hears—
The sound of something purring at his heels :
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale





Designed & Engraved by H. Risler.

_____ busy modelling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme.

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Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new open'd Grave—and, strange to tell !
He vanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new made widow, too, I've sometimes spy'd—
Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly Grave of the dear man
She drops ; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave ! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one ;
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band !

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and folder of society !
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. Oh ! when my friend and I,
In some thick wood, have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along,
In graceful murmurs thro' the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring ! methought the shrill-tongu'd
 thrush

Mended his song of love ; the footy blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note ;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter ; and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst ev'ry flow'r
Vy'd with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh ! then the longest summer's day

Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full heart
Had not impaired half : 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Dull Grave ! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face ;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now ? the men of health,
Complexionally pleasant ? where the droll
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres, and gaping crowds,
And made e'en thick-lip'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware ? Ah ! fullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them !

Where are the mighty thunder-bolts of war ?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story ? Where the hot-brain'd youth,

Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cry'd forsooth because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work !
Alas ! how slim, dishonourably slim !
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty ! how alter'd are thy looks !
How blank thy features ! and how wan thy hue !
Son of the morning ! whither art thou gone ?
Where hast thou hid thy many spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar ? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife :
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.

Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form ev'n to a very scruple—
O cruel irony!—these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's bury'd
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he!
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state!
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow, and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, who painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd,
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people

Retard th' unwieldy show; while from the casements
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing-up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and to the sense
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures ye exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
Ye make such mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor stops there short—
Strange persecution! when the Grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Aburd! to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame

Die fast away ;—only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm ;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crufted
Give way. O lamentable sight ! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mishapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing time : his cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wastes them all :
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge :

Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
The rest to want—now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here, the petty tyrant,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey—
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery—
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common feelings with his lord)
Now, tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd

Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman ;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind,
The Grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd
flatt'ry,

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty ! thou pretty plaything, dear deceit !
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
The Grave discredits thee : thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of ? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage ?
Methinks I see thee with thy head laid low ;
Whilst, surfeited upon thy damask cheek,

The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For *this* was all thy caution?
For *this* thy painful labours at the glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair?
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look, how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs,
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Labours to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too! thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling,
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden;—let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm o'erpower'd, gasps for breath

Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play ! What now avail
The strong-built finewy limbs, and well-form'd
 shoulders ?

See ! how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain ! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning—Hideous fight !
Oh ! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan ?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty
 boaster,

Tovaunt of nerves like thine ? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man ;

That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife ?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the fight-invigorating tube ;
And, trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought.—But, ah ! proud man !
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head :
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by.
Great man of language, whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head ?
Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts

In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,
Alas ! how chop-fall'n now ! thick mists and silence
Rest like a weary cloud upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah ! where now's the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the flow of words,
The well turn'd period, and harmonious voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase ?
Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been !
Raz'd from the book of fame ! or, what is worse,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
That drawl with heavy-halting pace along,
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud *ÆSCULAPIUS*' son,
Where are the boasted implements of art,

And all thy well cramm'd magazines of health ?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand : from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire ; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus ? why this cost ?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the Grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures ?
Alas ! thou speakest not. The bold imposter
Looks not more silly when his cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser—worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift !)
From back and belly too their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.

But ah ! where are his rents, his comings in ?
Now thou hast made the rich man poor indeed !
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind ?
O curst lust of gold ! how oft for thee
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come !
O death ! how shocking must thy summons be
To him who is at ease in his possession ;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for the world to come !
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving—now no longer hers !
A little longer,—yet a little space !
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage !—Mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror . but the foe,

Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close thro' ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track; but presses on,
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks in everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing, my soul, to die!
What strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd,
To tell what's doing on the further side.
Nature turns back, and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part:
And couple, link'd more close than wedded pair!
This wings its way to its almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome Grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death,—
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,

Returning to the barren womb of nothing
Whence first they sprung,—then might the de-
bauchee

Untrembling mouth the heav'ns: then might the
drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear death: then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way,—whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When in his pow'r. But if there's an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man;
Then must it be an awful thing—to die:

5

More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder ! name it not—our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of his own lord. Dreadful attempt !
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge !
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such : these herd together ;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd ;
How long, how short we know not : this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir 'till Heaven shall give permission :
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,

And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave, who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick : to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark ;—'tis mad :
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead ! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
O that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis ye are, and we must shortly be !
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death :—'twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm. But what means
This flinted charity ? 'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die ? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking

Upon a point so nice ?—I'll ask no more :
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, ye shine,
Enlight'ning but yourselves.—Well—'tis no matter ;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick. Here falls the village
 fwain,

And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round ;
And who so artful as to put it by ?
'Tis long since death had the majority ;
Yet strange ! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton ! hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand
He digs thro' rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors ; scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years,

And yet no youngster on the green laughs louder,
Or tells a smuttier tale. When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, nor lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him, what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days,
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are,
Never to think of death, and of ourselves
At the same time ! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours ! Oh ! more than sottish !
For creatures of a day in gamefome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive ;—when, for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a remorseless unremitting stream,

Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world ?
What but a spacious burial field, unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones ?
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd ;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring : in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet :
The shiv'ring Icelfander, and fun-burnt Moor,
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds—the Christian, Turk, and Jew.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His fov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of fight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts :
Now vain their treaty-skill ; death scorns to treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating some unheard-of mischief,
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.

The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant—here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch :

Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, the gay coquette,
And sober widow;—and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightfome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongued
 shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and brave,
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane;
The downright clown, the well-bred gentleman,
The fool, the churl, the liar, and the knave,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;

The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When, yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work. Then all was well;—
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head nor heart
Offer'd to ach: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
winds

Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! But, ah! how short!

Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men ;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh, flipp'ry state of things ! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history ! To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set most abject !
How scant the space between these vast extremes !
Thus far'd it with our fire : nor long he enjoy'd
His paradise. Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up ; when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go ?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man ? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,

And drives the loiterer forth ; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory, and his God. If mortal now,
And forely maim'd, no wonder ! Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try : nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment ! destructive measure !
Where the worst thing could happen was success)
Alas ! too well he sped : the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return ; or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between :
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone ;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the the rash error which he could not mend ;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage ! human nature groans

Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds at ev'ry pore.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things,
Of vilest nature, other sorts of ills,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and glebes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has a shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing

A whole creation's beauty with rude hands ;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing ! oh, where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors ? Pregnant womb of ills !
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of the most deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmless. Sicknesse
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine. See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round !
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
heels,

Wades deep in blood new spilt ; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold—I've gone too far ; too much disclos'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,

One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all the ample desarts death hath spread !
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater !
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not fated yet !
Unheard of epicure ! without a fellow !
The veriest gluttons do not always cram ;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite : thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full :
But, ah ! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more ;
Like one whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings,
(As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine and war, were not thy caterers !)

But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high int'rest too ! They are not thine,
But only in thy keeping for a season,

Till the great promis'd day of restitution !
When loud diffusive sounds from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherubs shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life.
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that long lay forming underground,
In their dark cells immur'd ; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge. We know
Th' illustrious deliv'rer of mankind,
The SON of GOD, once vanquish'd thee. His pow'r
Thou could'st not stand : self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall ;)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,

He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the ærial heights, and glide along
Across the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Thrown backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where HE is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between;—a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships, in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unfading bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.

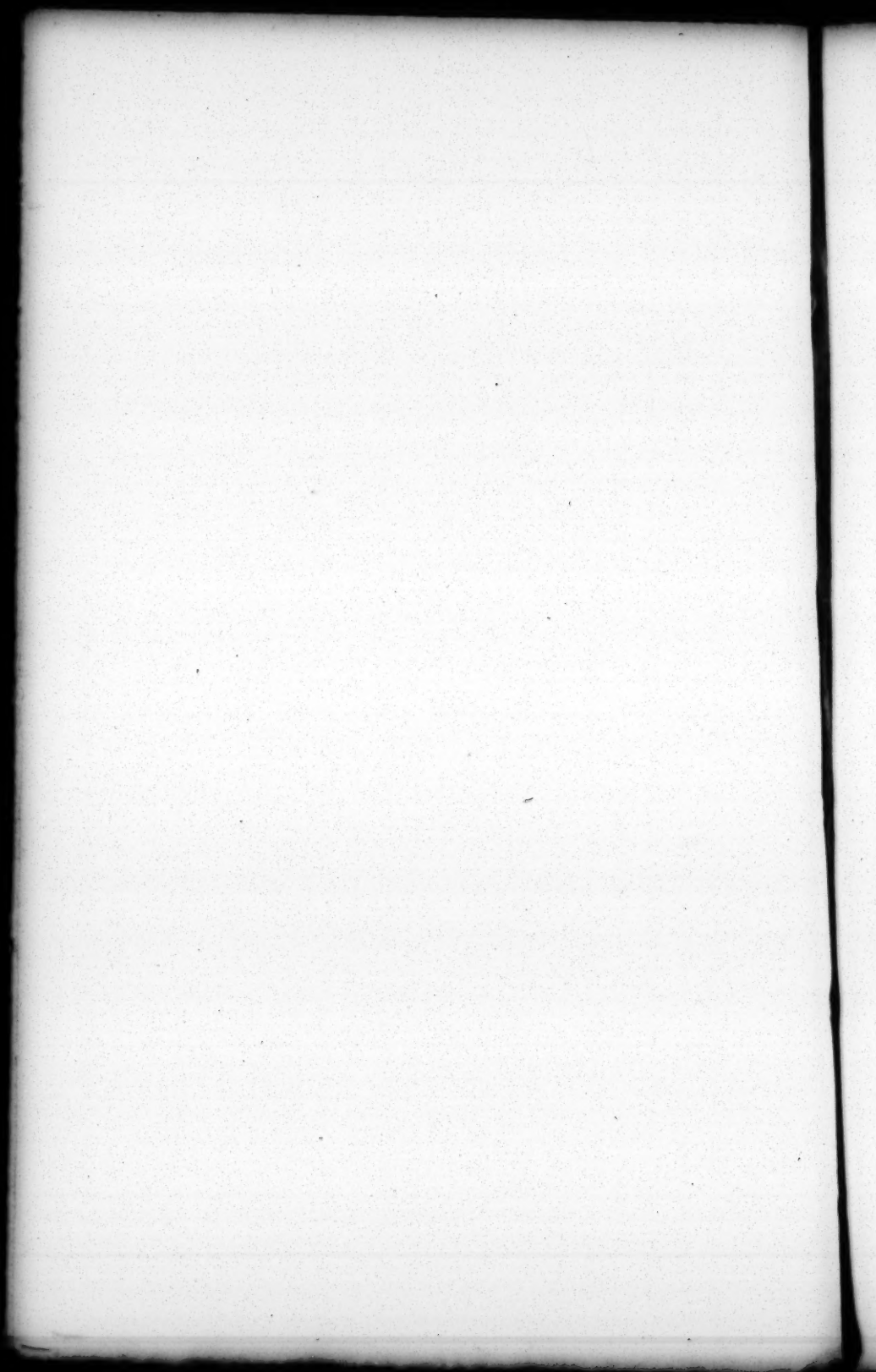
So have I seen upon a summer's eve,
Close by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play :
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide,
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd :
At last he dips his foot ; but, as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death !
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change !
Our bane turn'd to a blessing ! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite. All thanks to HIM
Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit !
The night-dews fall not gentlier to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,—
A life well spent, whose early care it was

His riper years should not upbraid his youth :
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting !
High in his faith and hopes, look how he strives
To gain the prize in view ! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away !
Whilst the glad gates of fight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the first coming harvest. Then ; oh then !
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh ! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
'Tis done :—and now he's happy :—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to funder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust

Inviolate : and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account : not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale ;
Each soul shall have a body ready finish'd,
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane,
Ask not, how this can be ? Sure the same Pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more ; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days, and what he CAN, he WILL :
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not inattentive to the call, shall wake ;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner ; but, amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man

That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone,
Thus, at the shut of eve, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

E L E G Y,
WRITTEN
IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.



E L E G Y,

WRITTEN

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care ;
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive the teams a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or flattery fathom the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade—nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the muses' flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to fray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
Their place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?





Designed & Engraved by H. Richter.

*There, at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.*

Published Sept. 22. 1796. by Kerner & Wood.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit should inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
" Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
" Now drooping woful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
" Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
" Slow thro' the churchway path we saw him borne.
" Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
" Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to misery all he had, a tear ;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.



THE HERMIT
OF WARKWORTH.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

BY THE REV. DR. PERCY.

PART I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And, wak'd his sleeping fire ;
And, snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

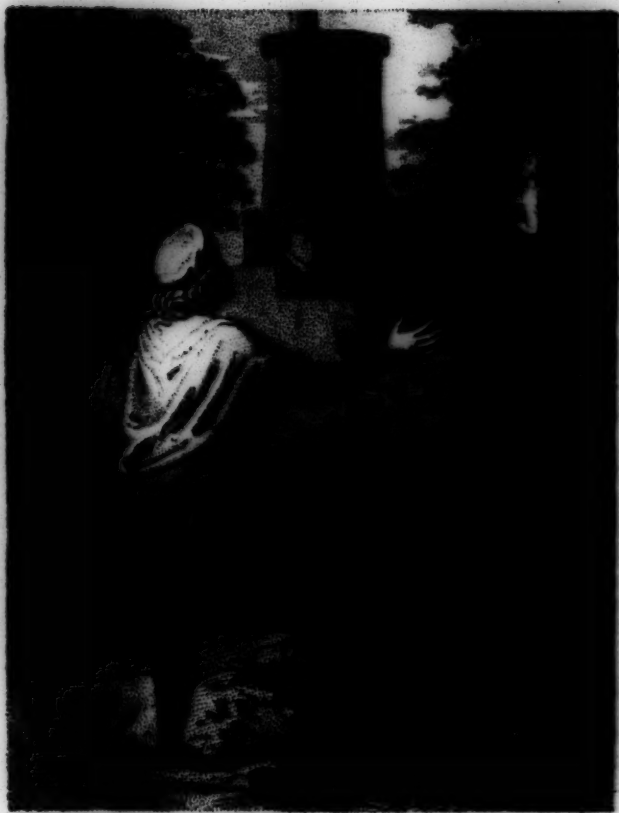
It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :



Designed & Engraved by H. Richter.

*All and beneath a neighbouring Tree,
A beautiful Maid he found,
Who beat her breast & with her tears,
Bedew'd the mossy ground:*

Publisd Aug: 8. 1796. by Verner & Hood.



Designed & Engraved by H. Richter.

*The second night the moon shone clear,
And gild the spangled dew,
He saw his Lady thro' the grace
But 'twas a transient view:*

Publish'd Aug. 1796. by Verner & Hood.

And while some sheltering bower he fought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! fore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O trust in Heav'n, the Hermit said,
And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then, climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light,
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and flow :
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below.

O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree.

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray :
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise Heaven, my son, the Hermit said,
The lady's safe and well .
And soon he join'd the wand'ring youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear :
The youth he press'd her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle horn so bright ;
She in a filken robe and scarf,
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the sage ;
Sweet rest your limbs require :
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
And, spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,
The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children (for perchance
My counsel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here ? what lands are these ?
And to what lord belong ?

Alas ! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away !

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And oh ! to save him from his foes,
It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child,
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud,
Their honours reft and loft.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud frangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty tow'rs,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills,
The PERCY lives unknown :
On strangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd,
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, bless me, father, said the youth,
For thy guest am He.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed ;
Then, lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head :

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care :
But who may this young lady be
That is so wondrous fair ?

Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth ;
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the regent's hand,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see :
At length I won my guardian friend
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wander'd as in chase,
Till in the noble NEVILLE's house
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Some time with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal :
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happen'd on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander'd forth to take the air,
Among the green-wood trees :

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand. .

He fought till more assistance came ;
The Scots were overthrown :
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied :
Blest were the wounds I bare !
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vow'd to be my bride ;
But oh ! we fear'd (alas, the while !)
Her princely mother's pride :

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE,
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought, a banish'd wight,
Could ne'er such favour shew.

Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me,
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood.

Then lighting from our weary steeds,
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said;
Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed:
——We'll pass the night below.

PART II.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled,
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth, consulting with his friend,
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpower'd her breast!
Her cheek what blushes dy'd,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride.

Within this lonely hermitage

There is a chapel meet :

Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.

O HENRY, when thou deign'st to sue,

Can I thy suit withstand ?

When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand ?

For thee I left a father's smiles,

And mother's tender care ;

And, whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,

Such matchless favour shew,

To share with me, a banish'd wight,
My peril, pain, or woe ?

Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast :
For know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea ;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee :

'Tis father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed ;
To Raby castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone ;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd,
He greets the holy pair,
And glad consents to join their hands,
With many a fervent prayer.

Then fraught to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way ;
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The hermitage they view'd,
Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There, deck'd with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows ;
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace :
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little 'scutcheon hung
The cross, the crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wond'ring pair ;
Eager they ask what hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair.

The Hermit figh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak :
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek ;

Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

YOUNG lord, thy grandfire had a friend
In days of youthful fame ;
Yon distant hills were his domains ;
Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
His friend was at his side ;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young BERTRAM lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek,
Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name;
Yon tower 's her dwelling place;
Her fire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damiel came;
But BERTRAM was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel mirth and revelry
The castle rung around ;
Lord PERCY call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial found.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race

They sung : their high command :

‘ How valiant Mainfred o’er the seas

‘ First led his northern band.

‘ Brave Gilfred next to Normandy

‘ With venturous Rollo came ;

‘ And from his Norman castles won

‘ Assum’d the PERCY name.’

They sung ‘ how in the Conqueror’s fleet

‘ Lord William shipp’d his powers,

‘ And gain’d a fair young Saxon bride

‘ With all her lands and towers :

‘ Then, journeying to the holy land,

‘ There bravely fought and dy’d ;

‘ But first the silver crescent won,

‘ Some Paynim Soldan’s pride.’

They sung 'how Agnus, beauteous heir,
' The queen's own brother wed,
' Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
' In princely Brabant bred.

' How he the PERCY name reviv'd,
' And how his noble line,
' Still foremost in their country's cause,
' With godlike ardour shine.'

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the masters' song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall :
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
Stepp'd forward thro' the hall.

She BERTRAM courteously address'd ;
And kneeling on her knee ;—
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold:
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young BERTRAM took the shining helme,
And thrice he kiss'd the fame ;
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY and his barons bold
Then fix'd upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more ;
Brave WIDDRINGTON, tho' sunk in years,
The PERCY-standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round ;
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes,
So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait ;
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd :—

Now, BERTRAM, prove thy lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive, I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young BERTRAM bow'd with glad assent,
And spurr'd his eager steed,
And, calling on his lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends,
So fiercely, 'mid the opposing ranks,
Sir BERTRAM's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he flew.

Now, closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir BERTRAM round :
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain;
That beauteous helme his lady's gift!
——His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord PERCY faw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he faid,
Let's fave this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out fhield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As fome fierce eagle fpreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they frove to feize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could ftand his furious ftrokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now, gathering round on every part,
The battle rag'd amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd ;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And after wondrous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,
Her father kindly said ;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came ;
Fair ISABEL ne'er appears :
Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride ;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.

Sir BERTRAM at her name reviv'd,
He blest the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

PART III.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
SIR BERTRAM from his sick bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er meads and moor they rode
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir BERTRAM call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear :
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis BERTRAM calls thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care :
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy lady fair.

Now out, alas ! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas ! how may this be ?
For fix long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir BERTRAM's heart,
And ready was he to fall ;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone
Since she fet out to thee ;
And sure, if no sad harm had hap'd,
Long since thou would'st her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight
All thro' my folly and pride !

And now, to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself and nurse my love,
And sooth his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day ;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir BERTRAM's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind ;
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care,
And with sad boding heart,
Or ere the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range :
Do thou go north, and I'll go west ;
And all our dres's we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she is restored agen.

The brothers straight their paths divide
O'er Scottish hills to range,
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their drefs they change.

Sir BERTRAM, clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day, as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All minstrels yet that e'er I saw
Are full of game and glee,
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !

Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son ; perchance, he said,
Some tidings I may bear :
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd, what harm had hap'd,
What lady sick there lay ?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught Sir BERTRAM's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then, drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And fitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home,
To hear a minstrel's song ?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong ?

My lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song :
And should I lend thee lodgings here
My life would not be long.

He play'd again, so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And mov'd his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win ;
But, alas ! I am sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave,
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear ;
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide ;
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid :
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the fight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly ;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm,
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said ;
My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd !
For me what danger run !

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay :——
Sir BERTRAM would no further hear,
But cried, ‘ Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor, yield that lady up !’
And quick his sword he drew.
The stranger turn’d in sudden rage,
And at Sir BERTRAM flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow :
But BERTRAM’s stronger hand prevail’d,
And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die !—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.
Ah ! then fair ISABEL knew his voice,
And rush’d beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm !
Thou dost thy brother slay !
And here the Hermit paus'd and wept :
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest ?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell and stabb'd her breast.

Were thou thyself that hapless youth ?
Ah ! cruel fate ! they said :
The Hermit wept, and so did they ;
They sigh'd ; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow.
The Hermit paus'd ; they silent mourn'd ;
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound ;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spake never more ;
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
Regardless of her own.

BERTRAM, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me.
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be.

BERTRAM, she said, I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss ;
We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo ! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief.

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love
I had refus'd with scorn ;
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn ;

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin'd ;
And fondly sued and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear ;
When, wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design
To fet me, captive, free ;
And on the moor his horses wait
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay ;
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay.

And, rising up in furious haste,
I seiz'd the bloody brand :
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd that from the castle came
Had mis'd their lovely ward ;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord PERCY had us soon exchang'd,
And strove to sooth my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were convey'd ;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought ;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows ;
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild :

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise ;
And here a lonely Anchorite
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave :
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here ;
And daily o'er this sculptured faint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue.

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forfaken, or forgot,
The PERCY and his noble sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe;
I liv'd to mourn his fall :
I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore,
And raise again the PERCY name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid :
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They asked the good old fire ;
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

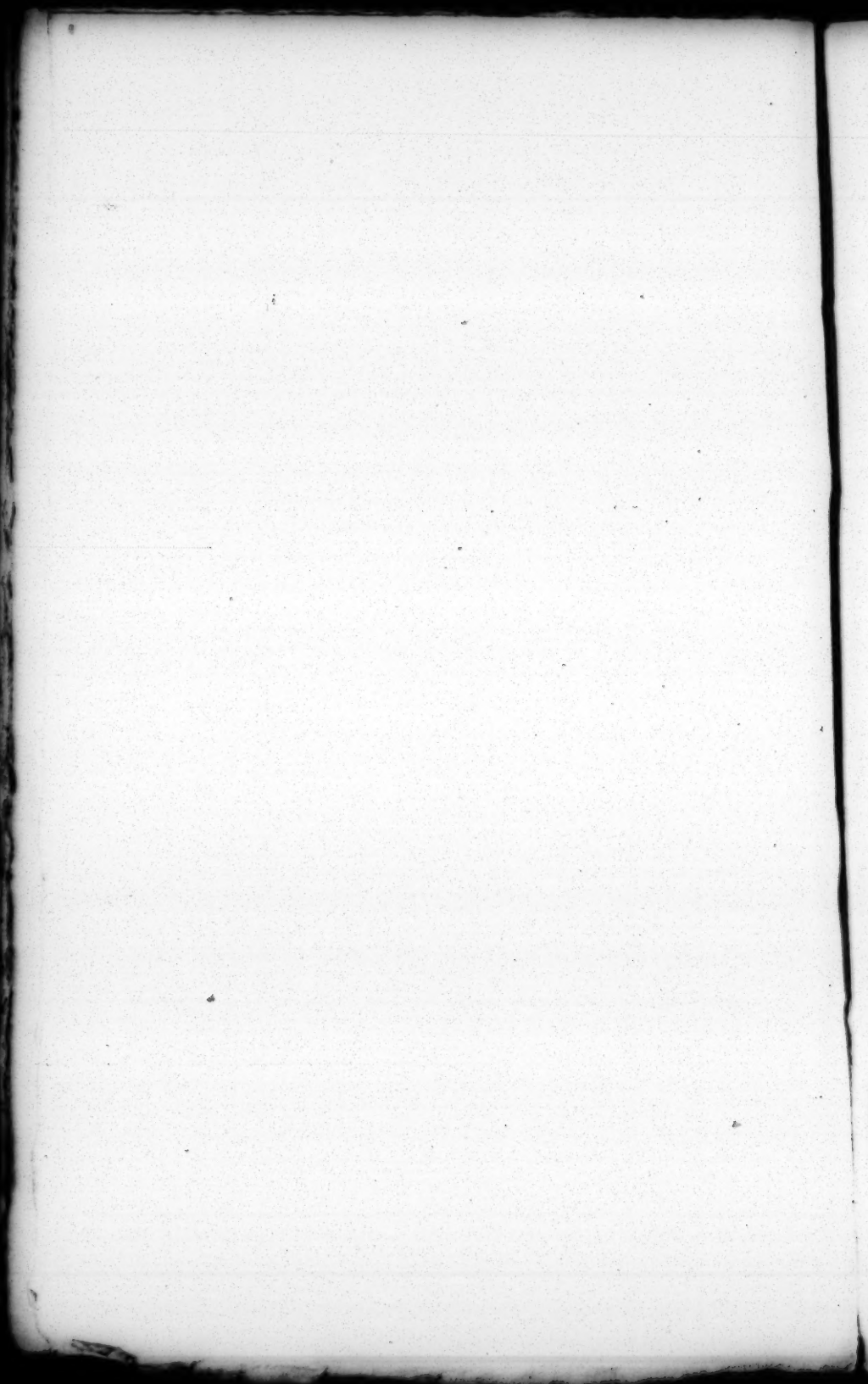
She suppliant at her nephew's throne
The royal grace implor'd :
To all the honours of his race
The PERCY was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame ;
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

SONNETS

FROM

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.



SONNETS.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

SONNET I.

TO LOVE.

AH Love! ere yet I knew thy fatal power,
Bright glow'd the colour of my youthful days,
As, on the sultry zone, the torrid rays
That paint the broad-leav'd plantain's glossy bower:
Calm was my bosom as this silent hour,
When o'er the deep, scarce heard, the zephyr strays,
Midst the cool tamarinds indolently plays,
Nor from the orange shakes its od'rous flower:
But ah! since Love has all my heart possess'd,
That desolated heart what sorrows tear?
Disturb'd, and wild as ocean's troubled breast,
When the hoarse tempest of the night is there!
Yet my complaining spirit asks no rest;
This bleeding bosom cherishes despair.

SONNET II.

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

PALE Disappointment ! at thy freezing name
Chill fears in ev'ry shiv'ring vein I prove,
My sinking pulse almost forgets to move,
And life almost forsakes my languid frame :
Yet thee, relentless nymph ! no more I blame.
Why do my thoughts midst vain illusions rove ?
Why gild the charms of friendship and of love
With the warm glow of fancy's purple flame ?
When ruffling winds have some bright fane o'er-
thrown,
Which shone on painted clouds, or seem'd to shine,
Shall the fond gazer dream for him alone
Those clouds were stable, and at fate repine ?
I feel, alas ! the fault is all my own,
And, ah ! the cruel punishment is mine !

SONNET III.

TO SIMPLICITY.

NYPH of the desert ! on this lonely shore
Simplicity, thy blessings still are mine,
And all thou canst not give I pleas'd resign,
For all beside can sooth my soul no more.
I ask no lavish heaps to swell my store,
And purchase pleasures far remote from thine ;
Ye joys, for which the race of Europe pine,
Ah, not for me your studied grandeur pour.
Let me, where yon tall cliffs are rudely pil'd,
Where towers the palm amidst the mountain trees,
Where pendent from the steep, with graces wild,
The blue liana floats upon the breeze,
Still haunt those bold recesses, nature's child,
Where thy majestic charms my spirit seize !

SONNET IV.

TO THE STRAWBERRY.

THE Strawberry blooms upon its lowly bed,
Plant of my native soil !—the lime may fling
More potent fragrance on the zephyr's wing ;
The milky cocoa richer juices shed ;
The white guava lovelier blossoms spread :
But not like thee to fond remembrance bring
The vanish'd hours of life's enchanting spring,
Short calendar of joys for ever fled !
Thou bidst the scenes of childhood rise to view,
The wild-wood path which fancy loves to trace ;
Where, veil'd in leaves, thy fruit of rosy hue
Lurk'd on its pliant stem with modest grace :
But, ah ! when thought would later years renew,
Alas, successive sorrows crowd the space !

SONNET V.

TO THE CURLEW.

SOOTH'D by the murmurs on the sea-beat shore,
His dun-grey plumage floating to the gale,
The Curlew blends his melancholy wail
With those hoarse sounds the rushing waters pour.
Like thee, congenial bird ! my steps explore
The bleak lone sea-beach, or the rocky dale,
And shun the orange bower, the myrtle vale,
Whose gay luxuriance suits my soul no more.
I love the ocean's broad expanse, when drest
In limpid clearness, or when tempests blow ;
When the smooth currents on its placid breast
Flow calm as my past moments used to flow ;
Or, when its troubled waves refuse to rest,
And seem the symbol of my present woe.

SONNET VI.

TO THE TORRID ZONE.

PATHWAY of light ! o'er thy empurpled zone,
With lavish charms perennial summer strays ;
Soft 'midst thy spicy groves the zephyr plays,
While far around the rich perfumes are thrown :
The amadavid-bird for thee alone,
Spreads his gay plumes that catch thy vivid rays ;
For thee the gems with liquid lustre blaze,
And nature's various wealth is all thy own.
But, ah ! not thine is twilight's doubtful gloom,
Those mild gradations, mingling day with night ;
Here, instant darkness shrouds thy genial bloom,
Nor leaves my pensive soul that ling'ring light,
When musing mem'ry would each trace resume
Of fading pleasures in successive flight.

SONNET VII.

TO THE CALBASSIA-TREE.

SUBLIME Calbassia! luxuriant tree,
How soft the gloom thy bright-hu'd foliage throws,
While from thy pulp a healing balsam flows,
Whose power the suff'ring wretch from pain can
free.

My penfive footsteps ever turn to thee!
Since oft, while musing on my lasting woes,
Beneath thy flow'ry white-bells I repose,
Symbol of friendship, dost thou seem to me:
For thus has friendship cast her soothing shade
O'er my unshelter'd bosom's keen distress;
Thus fought to heal the wounds which love has
made,

And temper bleeding sorrow's sharp excess!
Ah! not in vain she lends her balmy aid:
The agonies she cannot cure, are less!

SONNET VIII.

TO THE WHITE BIRD OF THE TROPIC.

BIRD of the Tropic! thou, who lov'st to stray
Where thy long pinions sweep the sultry line,
Or mark'st the bounds which torrid beams confine
By thy averted course, that shuns the ray
Oblique, enamour'd of sublimer day:
Oft on yon cliff thy folded plumes recline,
And drop those snowy feathers Indians twine
To crown the warrior's brow with honours gay.
O'er trackless oceans what impels thy wing?
Does no soft instinct in thy soul prevail?
No sweet affection to thy bosom cling,
And bid thee oft thy absent nest bewail?
Yet thou again to that dear spot canst spring;
But I my long-lost home no more shall hail!

THE END.



